

CHANDAMAMA

MAY 1976

ONE RUPEE



Turn to page 10
for the story of
MANU- The Giver of Laws

Most kids will do anything for **REX JELLY!**



I won't pull
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if you give me
Raspberry
REX
Jelly



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with my doll
if she gives me
her Strawberry
REX
Jelly



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Cherry
REX
Jelly



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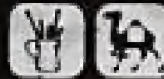
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CHANDAMAMA camel

COLOUR CONTEST

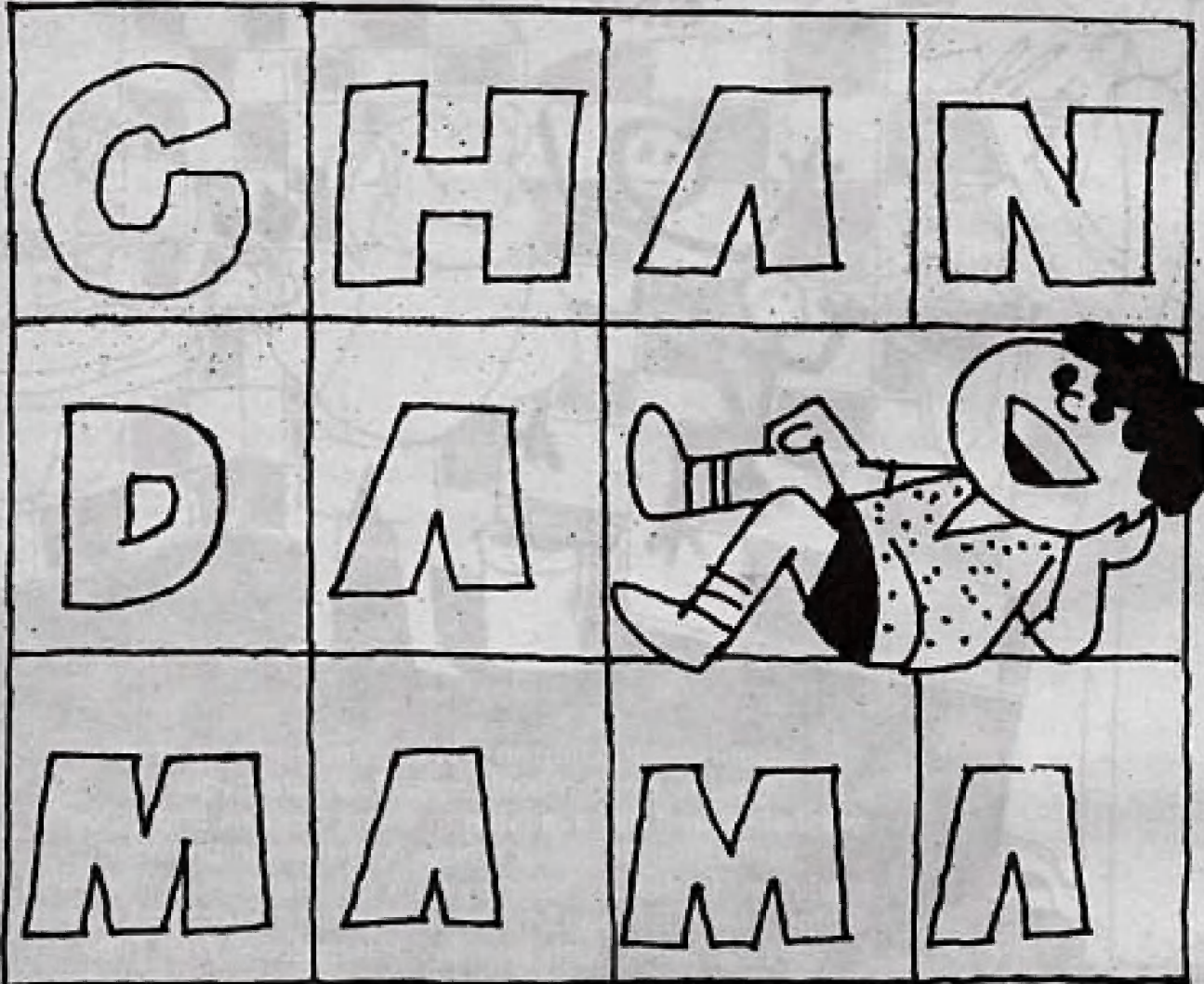
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Only students upto the age of 12 years can participate. Colour the above picture in any of the 'Camel' colours. Send in your coloured entires at the following address. CHANDAMAMA Dolton Agencies, Corinthian, Flat No. 5, 2nd Floor, 17 Arthur Bunder Road, Colaba, Bombay-400 005.

The results will be final and no correspondence regarding the same will be considered.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

Send entries before : 20-5-1976

Please see that the complete picture is painted

CONTEST NO.2



CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 6

MAY 1976

No. 11

Founder: CHAKRAPANI

A HAPPY OCCASION AND A LOVING MESSAGE

Did the State of Assam derive her name from the Sanskrit word 'Asama' - meaning unequal? Some scholars say it was so, for the land was indeed remarkable for the unequal features of her terrain.

But there are others who say that the word is derived from 'Ahoms' who were the rulers of the land once upon a time.

Whatever be the origin of her name, the beautiful land of Assam, known as Kamarupa to our ancients, had always played her worthy role in the making of the Indian history and culture. Gauhati, Assam's famous city, happens to be one of the oldest living cities of our country, known in bygone days as Pragjyotishpur. The King of Pragjyotishpur had participated in the Mahabharata war with a horde of trained elephants.

From April, 1976, the *Chandamama* reaches the children of this region of India through its new edition in Assamese. With this we complete covering a dozen languages. The President of India, Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed, has this significant message for this occasion :

"On the occasion of the publication of *Chandamama* in Assamese, I offer my congratulations to the *Chandamama* publications on the services they have rendered to the cause of children as well as of Indian languages. I am happy to send my greetings and good wishes to the children of Assam through your magazine and wish the publication success. I hope that it will disseminate information which will help enlarge the vision and widen the knowledge of children."

No doubt, the readers of the *Chandamama* in other languages too are echoing the affectionate sentiments of the President and are congratulating the children of Assam.

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PLUS 7 COMPLETE STORIES

BESIDES OTHER REGULAR FEATURES

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Anant Desai



Mr. Anant Desai

- * These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- * Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st MAY
- * Winning captions will be announced in JULY Issue.
- * Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name address, age and post to : PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST, CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE, MADRAS - 600 026

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in March Issue

The prize is awarded to: Mr. N. Sridharan,
IC 95, Bokaro Steel City,
BIHAR.

Winning Entry - 'Many Stages to Grow' - 'Many pages to Go'

NEWS FOR YOU....

Forward to the Remote Planet

In the year 1979 will be launched an epoch-making investigation of the remote planet, Uranus, the mysterious seventh planet, situated 17.8 billion miles from the Sun, beyond Saturn. So far as distance from our earth is concerned, only Neptune and Pluto surpass Uranus.

The NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration) of U.S.A. has invited a large number of scientists from all over the world to participate in this great quest. A spacecraft is scheduled to arrive on Jupiter on April 10, 1981. Then, by using the gravity of the planet, the craft would shoot like a hurled away stone and would come close to Uranus by the middle of 1985. This will be one of man's most ambitious breakthrough into the space.

Hans Anderson Forest

Children will be happy to know that a wide and beautiful forest on the slopes of the Nazareth Hills in Gallilee has been named as Hans Christian Anderson Forest, to pay tribute to the great writer, whose death centenary is still being observed throughout the world, beginning last year. (For the Chandamama's tributes to Anderson, see our August 1975 number.)

....AND SOME VIEWS TOO

A Guide to 20th Century Thoughts on Time

We haven't the time to take our time.

—Eugene Ionesco

Work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion. General recognition of this fact is shown in the proverbial phrase, 'It is the busiest man who has time to spare.'

—C. Northcote Parkinson

We must use time as a tool not as a couch.

—John F. Kennedy

In theory one is aware that the earth revolves, but in practice one does not perceive it, the ground upon which one treads seems not to move, and one can live undisturbed. So it is with Time in one's life.

—Marcel Proust

Never before have we had so little time in which to do so much.

—Franklin D. Roosevelt



THE STUPID SERVANT WHO MEANT GOOD

Tales from the Panchatantra

Kings of old were given to strange fancies. One of them, a young king, had developed a great liking for a smart, pet monkey.

He would dress up the monkey in gorgeous robes and put a bejewelled sword in its hand. Once or twice his old minister tried to caution him against giving the monkey so much importance and liberty. But the young king would laugh and say, "Know this, O my good minister, an animal is often more trustworthy than the human beings!"

"Maybe, my lord! But an animal can do a blunder without meaning any harm!" the minister would argue. But instead of answering the minis-

ter, the king would show him the monkey who hopped about majestically and would laugh and say, "But isn't that fascinating?" The old minister would sigh and keep quiet.

Days passed. The monkey was looked upon as one of the bodyguards of the king. It accompanied the king wherever he went. Even when he went to marry, the monkey went with him and was the cause of a great deal of fun at the king's father-in-law's palace.

One moonlit night the king desired to go into his garden for a stroll, along with the queen. When the royal couple entered the garden, the officers and bodyguards stopped at the gate. But who could stop the

monkey? Attired in its colourful silken livery and sporting his dazzling sword, the monkey followed the king upon his heels. Although the queen did not like it, she did not murmur lest her husband should feel hurt.

The golden moonlight made the garden an enchanting place. The atmosphere was charged with sweet fragrance: The breeze was as soothing as balm. The king, after a little stroll, lay down near a bush. He told the monkey, "I am going to sleep for a while. Be alert to see that nothing disturbed my sleep."

The queen too fell asleep soon. The faithful monkey stood guard on them. But after sometime it detected a fly sitting on the king's forehead. The monkey leaned forward and waved it away. But the fly returned soon and settled down on the king's forehead once more. The monkey drove it away again; but again it returned to the same spot.

Soon the monkey lost all patience. Gnashing its teeth, it muttered, addressing the fly, "Wait, you naughty creature, I will teach you a lesson!" It then brought down its heavy sword with a great force on the



king's forehead in order to kill the fly.

The king gave out a shriek and was silent forever. The queen woke up and wailed. By then the monkey had realised its blunder and was shivering with the horror of its own deed. Attracted by the queen's cry, the bodyguards who were waiting outside the garden came running to the scene and took hold of the monkey.

The old minister wiped his eyes and gazing at the dead king said, "What a risk it is to repose complete trust in a servant or a friend who was utterly stupid!"

MANU - The Giver of Laws

At Badarikashram, the sacred spot in the Himalayas, lived a rishi who sat engrossed in his deep meditation for years. A sweet stream flowed by his side.

One day, while the rishi had opened his eyes for a while, a little fish raised its head above the water and said, "O noble rishi, will you please do something to protect me from the stronger fish of the stream?"

The rishi picked up the fish affectionately and preserved it in a jar. But the fish grew bigger and after a few days the rishi thought it fit to leave it in a pond.

The fish was happy. The loving rishi went to see it from time to time. Soon he felt that the pond was rather a small place for the fish which had grown much bigger in the meanwhile. The rishi then carried the fish to the river Ganga.

The fish wandered happily in that great river. But as time passed, the rishi felt that for its amazing growth and smartness, the fish deserved even greater scope for its movement. So the rishi guided the fish to the

sea. The grateful fish told the rishi, "You have always been kind to me. Time has come when I can do a good turn to you. Know this, O rishi, that there would be a complete deluge before long. The whole earth would be submerged under water. But I want you to live. Get into a boat and wait for my help, with a string of cord in your hand."

The rishi did as advised by the fish. Soon, before his eyes, huge tides engulfed the earth and, the wide forests and hills, castles and temples, villages and towns all disappeared under water.

The fish appeared near the rishi's boat. Strangely, it had now grown a pair of horns. The rishi hitched his boat to the fish's horns with the help of the cord. The mighty fish swum along, pulling the boat behind it, till it reached a high Himalayan peak that rose above the water.

At the fish's instruction, the rishi got down on the peak. Thereafter the fish changed into a luminous form—that of Lord



Brahma. The great God asked the rishi to create a new humanity now that the old creation was gone.

The rishi, whose name was Manu, created man by the power of his askesis. Because created by Manu, the man, in Sanskrit, is known as *Manava*.

But this legend refers only to the last of the fourteen Manus who are supposed to have lived and given mankind laws of life and codes of conduct. A certain span of time during which the laws given by a certain Manu prevailed was known as a *Manvantara*. Each Manu had a distinct identity. Just as the last Manu, because he was

born of the Sun God or Vivaswan, was known as Vivaswat Manu, so also the first Manu was known as the Swayambhuva Manu, for he was created by Swayambhu, or Brahma.

Some scholars think that the legend which we have briefly narrated has a symbolic meaning. In ages gone by many civilisations have vanished. Great minds have been responsible for giving new laws by which the men of a new civilisation would govern themselves. Most probably the term Manu is directly related to *Manas* which means the mind. Man, the mental being, has been taught by the great seer-minds



of the past, the Manus, about the meaning and the goal of life.

The work which records the laws given by the last Manu is known as the *Manu Dharma Shastra*. Manu believed in the variety of human types. That is why he divided the community of men into four categories which later deteriorated into a rigid caste system. Manu, with his deep insight into human mind, wanted each individual to develop fully according to his nature. The four ways of life meant to facilitate the individual's choice; they were the society's sanction on his free choice. There was no rigidity about it.

Manu also provided for an

ideal man of the society to go through four stages of life. A man could educate himself in the Ashram of a qualified guru at the first phase of his life as a disciplined student or *Brahmachari*. Then he could lead a healthy family life, doing his duty towards his parents, wife, children and the community. This phase was known as the *Grahashti*.

But since Manu believed that the goal of life was just not to live it out happily, the third phase of life as visualised by him asked the individual to free himself from worldly attachments. He would still live in the society, guide others with his experience, but with a sense

of detachment. He must practise to keep calm either with success or with failure.

This phase, known as *Banaprastha*, led to the final phase, *Sanyasa*. The individual in this phase of life was expected to devote himself entirely to the search of God. Thus he would prepare himself in a progressive way for his next birth.

These two great principles of Manu, one about the community and the other about the individual, are together known as the *Varnashrama-dharma*. Perhaps there was a time when the principles were followed by the society in an ideal and

healthy way. But they have continued to exercise their great influence, even though in a distorted manner, upon the Indian society right up to the present time. Scholars have even traced the impact of Manu on societies other than Indian, such as those of Central Asia, Mongolia, Japan, Viet Nam, Indonesia, Australia and New Zealand.

Is it not interesting to note that among the Maoris of New Zealand the word Manu prevails and that the ancient Indonesia had a voluminous work based on Manu known as *Kutra Manava*?

WONDER WITH COLOURS





*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

STRANGE CONDUCT OF THE PRINCESS

In that eerie hour of the night when strong wind howled and weird shrieks were heard, King Vikram returned to the tree again. He was determined to carry with him the corpse possessed by the vampire. So, he climbed the tree and brought the corpse down once more.

But as soon as he started walking through that deserted cremation ground with the corpse on his shoulder, said the vampire, "O King! I do not know with what success in view you are going through this adventure. But know this, O King, that sometimes a prize may come to one even when apparently he had been unsuccessful in his attempts to get it. Take the case of Manik, for example. Let me tell you his story. That might give you some relief."

The vampire went on narrat-

ing the story: In days gone by King Bhupal ruled over Manipur. He had as his only child a daughter whose name was Lata. She was as intelligent as she was beautiful. There was no art or craft which she had not mastered. In fact, she excelled her teachers in no time.

When she grew up to be a young lady, the king became eager to find out a suitable bridegroom for her. He sent his spies to various kingdoms to gather informations about the nature and character of the eligible princes. The reports he received were disappointing. The princes, except one, seemed to be quite unworthy of Lata.

The one exception, however, was Manik, the brave prince of Kanakpuri. When Manik was a small boy, he had spent a few months in King Bhupal's palace. He and Princess Lata played together and seemed to like each other. Manik would no doubt be the fit bridegroom for Lata. But Kanakpuri, unfortunately, was a very small kingdom. According to the custom prevailing then, it was below the dignity of the King of Manipur to send an invitation to the prince of a much smaller kingdom to come and marry



his daughter.

What was to be done? King Bhupal's minister came forward with an exciting proposal: Let the army of Manipur invade Kanakpuri and imprison the prince. The prisoner prince will then marry Princess Lata and would be set free. That would be a cause enough for Prince Manik to feel ever grateful to Princess Lata!

The king liked the idea very much. Accordingly the army of Manipur headed towards Kanakpuri. Just then the old king of Kanakpuri had died and Manik had ascended the throne. His surprise knew no

bound to hear of the invasion. There was no enmity between the two kingdoms. Why should Manipur suddenly turn hostile?

The young king's minister told him, "My lord! We are not prepared to face the invaders. A battle would now cost us thousands of lives. Our victory over Manipur's large army is out of the question. Better we propose a treaty and avoid bloodshed."

The young king, Manik, found the minister's advice most sensible. Accordingly an emissary was sent to King Bhupal who had camped outside the city. King Bhupal said that he

would like to talk to King Manik directly.

King Manik duly went to King Bhupal's camp. King Bhupal embraced him and proposed that he marry Princess Lata.

The young king was taken aback at this sudden turn of events. He gladly gave his consent to the proposal. There was jubilation in Kanakpuri. The people were delighted at the news that their young king was going to marry the best bride of all. The courtiers began arranging for the grand occasion. The atmosphere changed from one of fear to one of joy!



King Bhupal and his army returned to Manipur. The king had no doubt that Princess Lata would be immensely happy to hear of her proposed marriage with the young King Manik. In fact, when King Bhupal was setting out on his expedition to conquer Kanakpuri, she had tried to prevent him from taking such a step. But the king had pretended to turn a deaf ear to her pleadings, although he had felt happy to observe her concern for Manik.

But it was a shock for King Bhupal when, after he had finalised the proposal for Lata's marriage with Manik, she told him in a firm tone that she will not marry Manik!

King Bhupal and his old minister did their best to persuade the princess to agree to the proposed marriage, but to no avail.

After a few days King Bhupal was obliged to send a message to King Manik, saying that he withdrew his proposal. King Manik would not be able to marry Princess Lata!

For King Manik it was a bolt from the blue! He took it as a grave insult and with a small army of devoted soldiers, advanced towards Manipur.



King Bhupal had no other way than to check the advancing army of Kanakpuri by his own army. In the battle that ensued, as expected, the Kanakpuri army was easily defeated and King Manik was captured. But all praised the young king. His style of fighting and valour put even the most expert fighters of Manipur to shame.

King Bhupal was not at all happy to get Manik as his prisoner. He did not know what to do with him. Just when he was brooding over the issue, Princess Lata met him and informed him, blushing, that she was most willing to

marry King Manik!

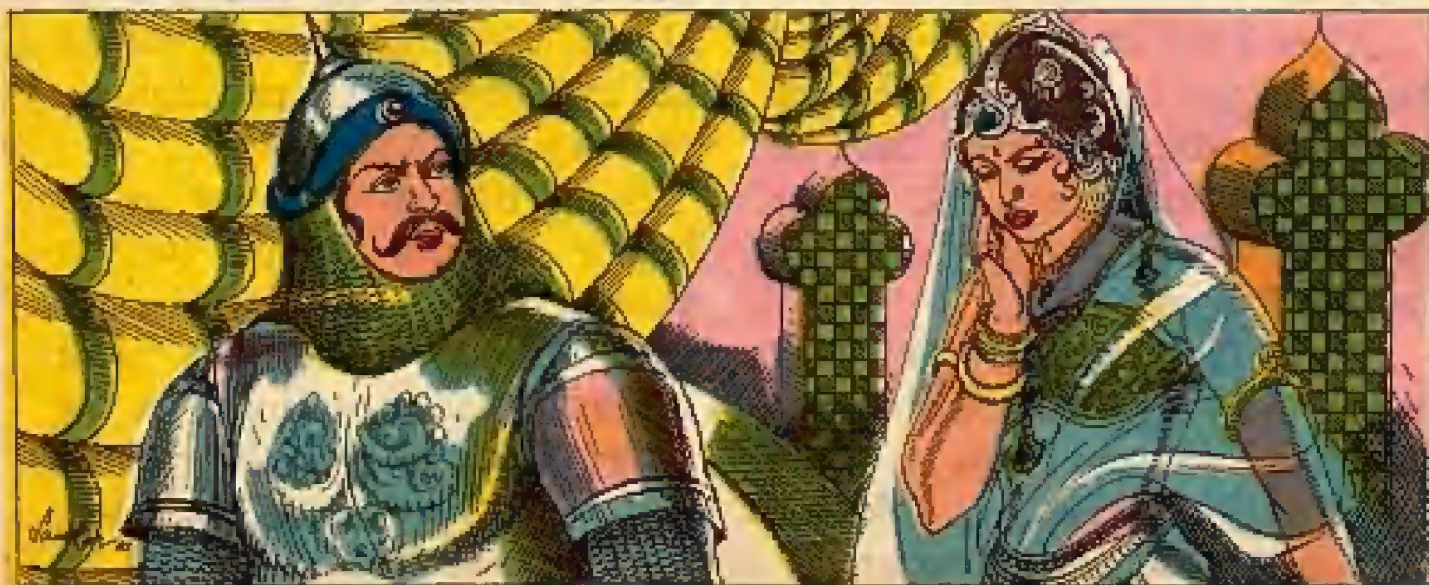
King Bhupal was delighted. The marriage was soon performed with great pomp and show. Years later, King Manik got the throne of Manipur, as King Bhupal had no son. The two kingdoms became one.

The vampire finished the story and asked King Vikram, "Tell me, O King, why did Princess Lata refuse to marry King Manik when the opportunity first came? And what made her change her mind suddenly when Manik was a prisoner? Listen, O King, if you know the answer and yet choose to keep mum, your head would be shattered to pieces!"

Answered King Vikram, "There was nothing sudden in the behaviour of the princess. She liked Manik and would have happily consented to marry

him in the normal situation. But the events ran in an abnormal course. Although Manik agreed to marry her when he was threatened with an invasion, she was not sure whether he agreed out of fear or out of his free will. That is why she refused to marry then. But when Manik came to fight in the true tradition of a warrior prince in order to win her hand, she understood that he really desired to marry her. Otherwise he would not care to invade Manipur knowing well that he would be defeated. Hence she came forward to marry him."

As soon as King Vikram finished speaking, the vampire gave him the slip. Next moment the corpse was found hanging from a branch of the distant tree.





EXCHANGE OF INFANTS!

The finest house you could see in the village Chintapur belonged to Suraj Singh, a wealthy farmer. But he was not happy on account of his son, Sudhir.

Sudhir, Suraj Singh's only child, was already in his teens, but he conducted himself like a small baby. He would not concentrate on his study, nor would he undertake to do any useful work. Suraj Singh tried his best to put a little good sense into the boy, but in vain.

Suraj Singh had a friend named Durgadutta. He was a wise man. One day Durgadutta paid a visit to Suraj Singh. In course of their friendly talk, Suraj Singh told Durgadutta all about his son.

"Do not worry. I will do

something which will teach Sudhir a good lesson and he will behave properly," said Durgadutta. Although Suraj Singh was not very hopeful of the result, he agreed to give a trial to his friend's advice.

A few days later an old man appeared before Suraj Singh and requested him for a job.

"What sort of work are you able to do?" asked Suraj Singh.

"I am an old man. All I can do is to just keep a watch on your house and the compound. But I have an able-bodied young son. He will be prepared to do any hard work you give him," replied the old man.

While they were talking, Sudhir happened to return from his play. As soon as the old



man saw Sudhir, he shouted, "Ravi! My son!" and swooned away.

Suraj Singh acted as if he was quite surprised. He asked Sudhir to bring water. When water was sprinkled on his face, the old man opened his eyes and caught hold of Sudhir. Then, looking at Suraj Singh, he said, "Sir! Don't you recognise me? I am the fellow who had saved you and your infant son from getting drowned in the river while at Varanasi fifteen years ago!"

Suraj Singh exclaimed, "My God! Are you the very man who had rescued us? I am sorry

that I could not recognise you earlier!"

"But, sir! I am now going to give you the shock of your life. In that festive melee at Varanasi, your son and my grandson got exchanged. You took away my infant grandson, while your infant son was left with me. This boy whom you call Sudhir is in fact my grandson, Ravi. And this boy who is with me and whom I call Ramu is your son. Now, sir, take charge of your son. I am a poor man. But I have done my best to bring him up properly," said the old man and he showed a cut on Sudhir's thigh as a proof that he had not been mistaken in recognising him.

Suraj Singh embraced Ramu and said, "My boy, I am delighted to get you back!" The old man patted on Sudhir's back and told Suraj Singh, "I am most grateful to you for taking so much care of my grandson. You have given him the luxury of a prince. I do not know how I can pay back your debt."

Sudhir heard everything with great bewilderment. He understood all right that he was not Suraj Singh's son, but the stranger's grandson: he was not

Sudhir, but Ravi. He felt extremely depressed.

The old man proposed to take Sudhir away with him. But Suraj Singh said, "Let him stay here for a year or two and study in the school so that he can earn a livelihood in future." The old man agreed to that. Sudhir realised how important it was for him to study with concentration. He was a changed boy. Not only did he study well, he also gave attention to learn the methods of agriculture. In all this Ramu gave him company.

After three years, the old man paid another visit to Suraj Singh and said, "Sir! Now it is time that I take away Ravi. What do you say?"

"Well, after all he is your grandson. How can I stop you from taking him away?" said

Suraj Singh. Sudhir prepared to go. He knelt down before Suraj Singh to express his gratitude to him. Next moment Suraj Singh started laughing and weeping at the same time. The old man shed his disguise. Sudhir saw that he was none other than Durgadutta, his father's old intimate friend.

"You must be surprised why I am laughing and weeping, Sudhir," said Suraj Singh, "I am laughing because myself and my friend acted well. I am weeping out of joy, for, our scheme became such a success!"

By and by Sudhir understood that the drama had been enacted for his good. He felt grateful to his father as well as to Durgadutta.

Next year he married Durgadutta's daughter and lived a happy and prosperous life.





The Ghost of Veerdas

The death of Veerdas was so sudden that his wife Yamuna and son Kisan felt quite dazed. However, their neighbours did the needful to arrange for Veerdas a decent funeral. They also helped Kisan to continue his father's work which was farming. A few days passed and Yamuna and Kisan tried their best to rise above their sorrow.

But one morning the whole village was found to be in the grip of excitement. This is what had happened: A goldsmith of the neighbouring village who was passing by the cremation ground at night heard a commanding voice from the branch of an old banian tree. Said the voice, "Stop, you gold-

smith. I am the ghost of Veerdas speaking. Leave here whatever you are carrying with you. My wife and son are in difficulty. What I get from you would help them to improve their lot. Do as I say or I will throttle you to death!"

The goldsmith lost no time in throwing down the few gold and silver ornaments—he was carrying for his customers. Then he managed to reach the nearest house in the village and swooned away. After he recovered, he narrated his strange experience.

Next day the leading men of the village came to Yamuna's house and said, "You must have heard what your hus-

band's ghost did to the goldsmith. If you are in difficulty, we are ready to help you. But please return the property which you received from Veerdas's ghost!"

Yamuna was shocked to hear this. With tears streaming down her cheeks she told the villagers that she knew nothing about the property looted from the goldsmith.

The villagers left with grave faces. Yamuna understood that they did not quite believe her. She felt awfully bad at the thought that her husband should turn a ghost and scare the travellers.

Two days later a village youth was returning from the far away bazar quite late at night, whistling merrily, for he had just seen a drama. But when he approached the banian tree, he heard a terrifying voice, "Put off the gold ring you are wearing. I am Veerdas's ghost, for your information. I demand your ring so that my wife and son can be helped by it!"

Shivering like a banana leaf in the wind, the youth put off his ring and kept it on the ground and ran for his life.

Next day the villagers came to Yamuna's house again. They were in no mood to talk to her.





They made a thorough search of her house and went away grumbling when they did not find anything suspicious.

Yamuna could neither sleep nor eat. She was dying with shame. Kisan, her son, also found that the villagers were no more friendly to him. If he asked anybody for any help, he just shrugged and went away.

A couple belonging to another village who happened to pass by the cremation ground too were harassed before the week was out. The leading villagers again came to Yamuna's house and said, "As long as you and your son are here, your hus-

band's ghost would not stop troubling innocent passers-by. We are sorry, but you must leave this village as soon as possible."

Weeping, Yamuna said, "All right. Give me a week's time."

After the villagers departed Yamuna prayed to God and then decided to go to the cremation ground in order to talk to her husband's spirit, if possible.

It was evening. She sat down on the spot where her husband's body had been cremated. She tried to convey to his spirit all about her sad plight. She did not know how long she sat there. But it must have been for several hours, because when she rose to go, it was pretty dark. All was quiet but for jackals howling and owls hooting.

Suddenly she heard a voice from the banian tree, "Leave whatever you have, for, I am Veerdas's ghost demanding it!"

Yamuna was intrigued. It was certainly not her husband's voice. However, she did not murmur. Quietly she walked towards her house.

She called Kisan and said, "My son! I am afraid, some wicked fellow is at the root of

the scandal. Tomorrow we must do something about it."

Early in the evening the next day Kisan put on his father's dress which was well-known to the villagers and went and hid inside a spacious hollow of the banian tree. Yamuna hid amid a nearby bush.

A little before midnight a young man appeared there and climbed the tree. Yamuna waited for her son to come out and challenge the fellow. After a while Kisan seemed to come out of the hollow and shouted at the man on the tree, "Come down, you wicked fellow! I am Veerdas's ghost. You have

sufficiently besmeared my name. No more can I bear with your mischief. Come down or I extend my long hand to catch you which will mean your death." The young man came down, crying out his prayer to be pardoned.

"Where have you kept all the things which you took away from the innocent passers-by?" demanded Kisan.

As the young man stooped down and began digging a spot, Yamuna ran into the village and shouted, "Listen O good villagers! Please come out of your houses. You will see the fun of your life!"





Soon a number of villagers, including the leading ones, were on the street. They followed Yamuna and hurried to the cremation ground. They saw a young man under the banian tree with a piece of cloth spread before him. On the cloth lay a variety of ornaments.

The villagers pounced on the young man and captured him. He confessed how he threatened the travellers in the name of Veerdas's ghost and obliged them to part with the properties they carried.

While the young man was

still speaking, Kisan appeared on the scene and asked Yamuna, "Mother! How was this fellow caught? Inside the hollow I had fallen asleep for a while!"

All were stunned to hear this. By and by they understood that it was the real spirit of Veerdas who, moved by the appeal of Yamuna, had once acted to catch the culprit.

The villagers repented for their rude treatment of Yamuna and Kisan. They gave the mother and the son a handsome reward for their braveness. The culprit was duly punished.

THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR

Asked the Professor, knocking on the door, "Who is there?"

"It is I," replied the toilet-user.

"I see, is it I?"

That means, my, my!

I am already inside," mused the perplexed Professor.

—Manoj Das

Why The Monk Lost His Vision

Once a young man came to Lord Buddha and expressed his desire to become his disciple. His name was Mahapala.

The compassionate Buddha accepted him and changed his name to Chakshupala. The new name meant one who was remarkable for his vision.

Chakshupala lived in a cave and was given to deep meditation day and night. It so happened that in course of time

he lost his eyesight. But he did not mind the affliction. He was no more interested in things external. Although blind, he radiated joy and seemed to be full of vigour.

There was a shower one summer night. After the rain stopped, a large swarm of insects infested the ground. In the cool hours of the dawn Chakshupala, then an old man, was strolling in front of his



cave. In the process he trampled to death a number of insects without knowing about it.

A group of monks who were passing by spoke among themselves, "What a pity that Chakshupala should kill those insects, being an elder monk!" That day, when they met Buddha, they said, O lord! One of your chief disciples, Chakshupala, has killed a large number of insects this morning while strolling before his cave. When he had the eyesight he had perhaps earned no sin. But now that he has gone blind, he is sinning in this way!"

"Have you seen him killing the insect?" asked the Buddha.

"No", replied the monks.

"Neither has Chakshupala himself seen or known of the insects being killed. He has no thought of violence in him. Hence he has not earned any sin," explained Buddha.

The monks kept quiet for a while. Then one of them asked, "O lord! How is it that one who was to lose his eyesight was named by you as Chakshupala?"

"It is because he has the inner vision of truth," replied Buddha.

"But why did he become

blind?" asked another monk.

"It is due to his deed in his previous birth that he has to experience blindness in this life," answered Buddha.

The monks showed curiosity to know what Chakshupala had done in his previous life to lose his vision in this life. Buddha narrated the story: In his previous life Chakshupala was a physician in Varanasi. One day while he was passing through the city he saw a woman groping her way towards a lane. Asked the physician, "What has happened to you that you cannot walk straight?"

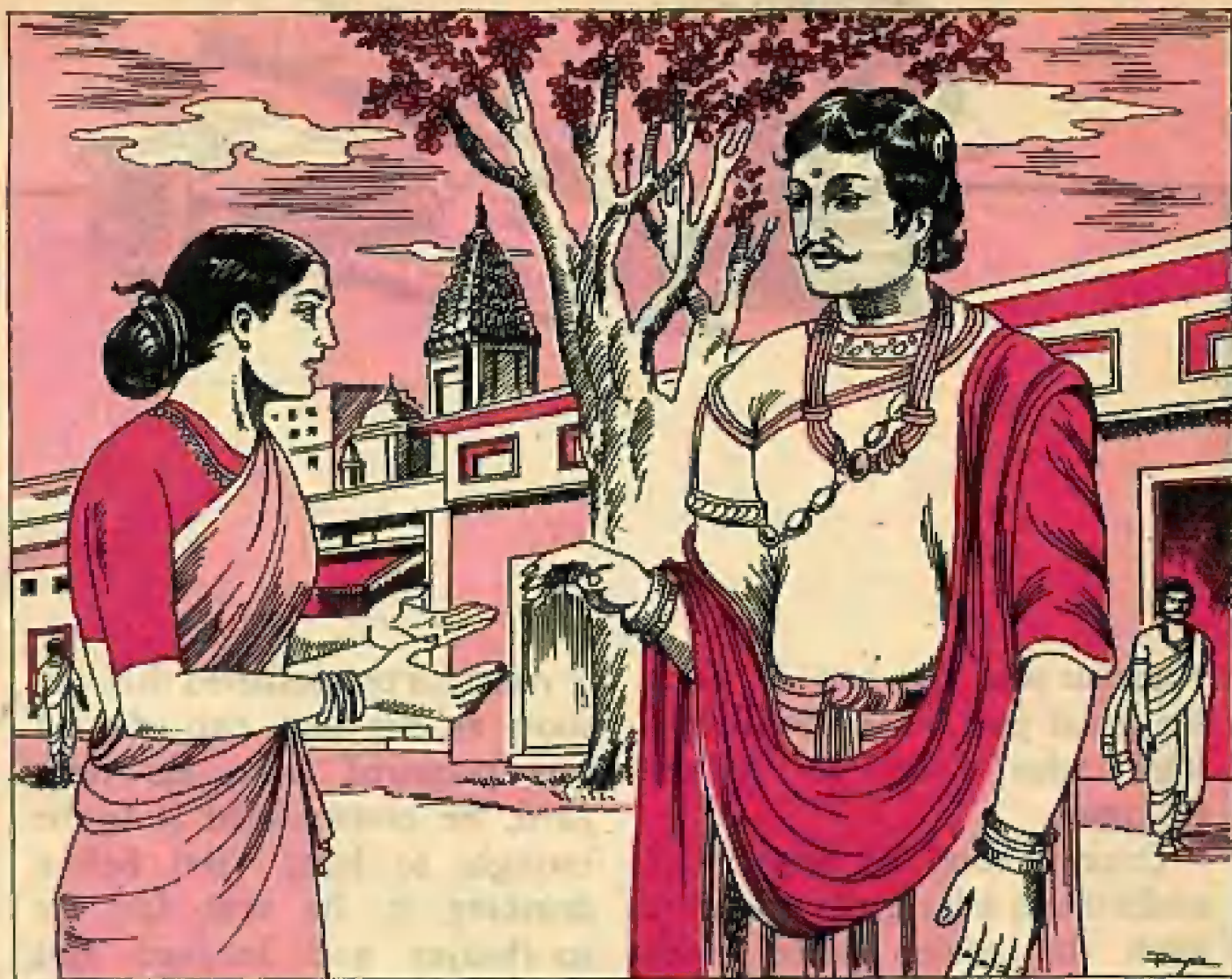
"My eyes have become extremely dim. I cannot see properly and that is why must walk very cautiously," replied the woman.

"I can perhaps cure you," said the physician.

"Please try, O good physician, and if you succeed, I will serve in your household all my life," said the woman.

The physician gave her some medicine and told her how to apply the same and went away.

By the next morning the woman's eyesight had been perfect again. But instead of feeling grateful to the physician, she thought, "I was a fool to



promise the physician that I will serve him for the rest of my life if I was cured of my ailment. However, it should not be difficult to deceive him."

When the physician came there on his round and asked the woman how she felt, she replied, "Cursed be my fate! Before applying your medicine I could see faintly. Now I can see nothing!"

The physician understood that the woman was lying. He was terribly annoyed. He mixed two poisonous roots and thra-

shed them and giving the preparation to the woman, said, "Apply this to your eyes and see the result!"

The woman thought that the medicine would do her further good. She applied it and turned blind. The physician was no more there to hear her curse!

What the physician had done in his previous birth—blinded by the passion of anger and causing blindness to an ignorant patient—was the cause of his experiencing blindness in this life.



Ancaeus was the son of Zeus, the great god of Greek mythology who lived on Mount Olympus.

Once a band of heroes had undertaken a long adventure, to fetch the golden fleece which was to be found in Colchis. The ship by which the heroes went was named Argo and the heroes are known as the Argonauts. Ancaeus was a member of this party and had acted as the helmsman of the ship for a period.

Ancaeus had cultivated a vineyard. But among his slaves was a soothsayer who predicted that Ancaeus would never live to drink the wine that would be prepared from the grapes of the vineyard.

Ancaeus remembered this. As soon as the first cup of wine was prepared from his vineyard, he commanded it to be brought to him. But before drinking it, he sent for the soothsayer and laughed and mocked at him while raising the cup to his lips.

But, said the soothsayer calmly, "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip!"

No sooner had he said this than a messenger came running and announced that a wild boar was laying his vineyard waste. Ancaeus set down the cup and dashed off to fight the boar.

The wine remained untasted, for Ancaeus never returned. He was killed by the boar!

The proverb, naturally, means

THERE IS MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP

that even when a person is about to gain an object or to satisfy a desire, something unforeseen

might happen to frustrate him. In other words, failure is possible even at the last moment.





THE HIDDEN MESSAGE

Shyamdas was wealthy and happy. But his wife died all of a sudden leaving behind a young son named Bhim.

Shyam thereafter married a poor woman, Chanda. After some time Chanda gave birth to a son and Shyam named the child Prakash.

But Prakash was hardly a year old when Shyam fell ill. Soon his illness appeared to be incurable. His condition deteriorated fast and the physicians held out no hope of his survival.

One evening Shyam called Bhim who was then a young man, and said "My son! My hours are numbered. I have a request to make. Will you promise to fulfil it?"

"I promise," answered Bhim.

"I will not ask you to do

something which would be too difficult. All I want is, you should be tolerant and sympathetic towards your step-mother and the younger brother, Prakash. Continue to maintain them till Prakash completes his twelfth year. Then, if you can give him half of the property, that will be nice. If you can't, then give them the small plot of land at the northern end of the village and the deserted house that stands on it."

"I will do as you have desired, father," said Bhim.

A little later Shyamdas called Chanda and handed over a picture to her. It was his own portrait pasted on a piece of card-board. He then said, "The day Bhim will express his desire that you and your

son should separate from him, you take this picture to the magistrate and request him to read the message it carries."

Before Chanda could ask anything, Shyamdas closed his eyes never to open them again.

Shyamdas's funeral was duly performed by Bhim. As years passed, Bhim proved himself a worthy heir of his father. He enlarged the property he had inherited and added new parts to their house. He maintained Chanda and Prakash all right, giving them whatever they would normally need.

But as soon as Prakash completed twelve years, he told Chanda, "Mother! No more am I obliged to look after you and Prakash. I had promised to my father that I should either give you half of our property or the particular plot of land, along with the small house on it, that is situated at the northern end of the village. I have decided to give you the second choice. Please move on there!"

Chanda was too gentle to raise any question. She shifted to the deserted house on the northern plot of land. But tears came to her eyes when she saw the condition of the house



and the land. Sun and rain poured freely into the house. The land had scarcely any plant on it. How could she live there? Suddenly she remembered of her husband's last instruction to her. She took out the picture and hurried to the magistrate.

The magistrate listened with attention whatever Chanda had to say. He examined the picture carefully and saw that the portrait was pasted rather lightly on the board.

Soon he separated the portrait from the board and read what was written on the reverse side of the portrait: "Sir, My son

Bhim is dutiful and intelligent, but ordinary human nature being what it is, he might not prove generous enough to part with half of the property for Prakash. If I order him to do so, he might ill-treat his step-mother and the infant brother. Hence I have given him an alternative. Since he has the choice, I am afraid, he will choose to give Prakash the deserted house. Even then, the deserted house should be sufficient, for its floor is strong enough to sustain Prakash. But if Bhim proves generous and gives half of my property to Prakash, please see that the floor too is divided between Bhim and Prakash."

The magistrate smiled and summoned Bhim. When Bhim came, he asked him, "Is your decision to give Prakash the

deserted house instead of half of the property final?"

"Yes, Sir. My father had given me the liberty to decide whether I should give Prakash half of the property or only the deserted house and the plot of land on which it stands," replied Bhim.

"Right," said the magistrate, "The floor of the deserted house is strong enough to sustain Prakash," he muttered as he proceeded with his officers to Prakash's new residence. At his order the floor was dug. Gold coins and jewellery worth lakhs of rupees were found buried under it. The magistrate arranged for the wealth to be kept in safe custody. Prakash received good education and then he used the wealth for a number of useful works.





IN LOVE WITH MEANNESS!

Shankar, the cloth-merchant of Sonapur had a son named Raj. Shankar was a man who was extremely cautious in matters of money. He never spent a rupee on any luxury, never gave more than the smallest coin to a beggar.

Such though was Shankar, even he felt ashamed at his son's conduct. You can imagine what a miser Raj must have been. He dissuaded his father from calling a physician even when his own mother fell mortally sick. Shankar felt sad. "I must have done some crime in my previous birth to deserve such a mean son," he thought and cursed his destiny.

A mendicant came to camp

in the village. Shankar met him one morning privately and told him about his agony on account of his son.

"Do today as I say and your destiny will change," said the mendicant, "Do not listen to anybody's advice and give away whatever one desires of you. Follow this advice only for this one day," said the mendicant.

Pleased at the prospect of his destiny changing so easily, Shankar returned home. But soon he had a trepidation of heart at the thought that he must give away whatever one wants from him during the day! He decided to pass the day locking himself up in his room.

But an hour later his son

called him and banged on his door when there was no response from him. As the bangs became fearful, Shankar was obliged to open the door. He told his son that he was under an oath to give away whatever was desired of him during the day and hence he had no other way than to lock himself up in the room.

"A better course for you would be to pass the day in the jungle so that none would see you," said the son.

The advice sounded quite sensible to Shankar. He proceeded to the jungle.

He came across a beggar in the outskirts of the jungle.

"Sir! You are going into the forest. Inside the forest it is cool and the road is covered with grass. But I am going into the village where the sands on the road would be quite hot after a while. Please give me your shoes!" appealed the beggar.

Since the mendicant had said that he should not deny anybody anything during the day, he gave away the shoes though he cursed the beggar in his mind.

A few minutes later a woman carrying a baby in her arms

met him and said, "Father! How can I protect this tender child from sun unless you give me your umbrella?"

Shankar frowned, but gave away the umbrella.

Soon thereafter a bandit appeared before him and commanded him to take out his shirt and the turban. Shankar handed over the things without murmur. Humiliated and depressed, Shankar had gone a few yards when a traveller greeted him and said, "Do not go to your left. There is an area covered with water-creepers. If you set your foot on it, you will be drowned in mud."

But Shankar remembered that he was not to pay heed to anybody's advice. He deliberately took to the road on his left and was soon caught up in the mud. Luckily, a young traveller rescued him.

Shankar returned to his village in the evening, hungry and terribly angry with the mendicant. He then met the mendicant and narrated his day's woes to him.

"My son!" said the mendicant, "You did not understand my advice. What I meant was that you should practise generosity for at least a day without



listening to anybody who advised you to the contrary. You are suffering not for your son's meanness, but for your own. You became so much upset at the very thought of giving anything to anybody that you locked yourself up in your room.

If you had understood that you were not to accept anybody's advice for the day, how did you accept your son's advice and entered the forest? It is because you love his meanness. So, my son, try to change yourself. No use cursing your son!"

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





THE GLITTERING DEATH!

Shivprasad had a quest for God from his childhood. But circumstance obliged him to lead the life of an ordinary worldly man. However, as soon as his son was capable of taking charge of his family and the property, he decided to leave on a pilgrimage to Kashi, the age-old seat of Lord Siva.

He walked for a day. At night he found shelter in an inn. There he met three travellers who too were heading for Kashi. One was Ganapat Gupta, a well-known jeweller of the nearby town. He had earned much and was now desirous of some religious benefit. The other two were two brothers, Surajbhan and Chandra-

bhan. Surajbhan, the elder, was going to Kashi for business. Chandrabhan, the younger, was proceeding there for studies so that he could qualify himself as a pundit.

The four formed a group and walked together. Soon they entered a forest. While passing through it they suddenly saw some glittering object under a bush. Human bones were scattered around it.

The three companions of Shivprasad rushed at the object. Ganapat Gupta picked it up first and examined it holding it against the sun. He then said, "Well, this is a gem which should cost a lakh of rupees. Perhaps the fellow who

carried it was devoured by some beast here."

The three then eagerly handled the gem and gazed at it fondly, time and again.

Thought Surajbhan, "I will not need to go to Kashi for business if I get one-fourth share of the price of this gem. I can return to my village and live comfortably with the interest that would accrue of the money."

Thought Chandrabhan, "I intended to qualify as a pundit because that would have earned me a livelihood. But if I get one-fourth of the price of this gem, I will make an investment of the amount in business with my brother. That would ensure me comfortable living!"

Thought Ganapat Gupta, "My pilgrimage to Kashi can wait. I have told these fellows that the gem might be worth a lakh of rupees" although it should easily fetch two lakhs. Now, I should pay each of my companions what they believe to be their share of its price. Then I should hurry to meet the king who alone can buy it paying the right price!"

But Shivprasad refrained from giving any thought to it.



He had decided that if his companions gave him any share of the price that they would obtain by selling the gem, he would accept it. But he would never demand it or bargain over it.

They decided to go to the nearest town where they could sell the gem. Ganapat Gupta led them. His brother-in-law, who too was a jeweller, lived in the town and he knew that it would be easy to deceive his companions with the cooperation of his brother-in-law.

By evening they had reached almost the end of the vast forest. They decided to pass the night under an old banian tree. The

gem was deposited in the hollow of the tree. One by one, by turn, they kept guard on the property and the sleeping companions.

The last turn was Chandrabhan's. But when the other three woke up in the morning, neither Chandrabhan nor the gem was to be seen!

It did not take them long to understand that Chandrabhan had fled with the gem.

Remorseful and silent, they resumed walking. But they had hardly covered a mile when, to their horror, they saw Chandrabhan lying dead, the gem glittering on his stretched out palm.

His elder brother Surajbhan sat down and muttered, weeping, "I wished you to become a wise scholar. But your greed killed you!"

Chandrabhan, they guessed, had been bitten by a poisonous snake, perhaps while he was stealing the gem from the hollow of the tree.

The three cremated Chandrabhan's body. They reached the town at midnight. They decided to spend the night in an inn. For, they thought, it was not proper to wake up the jeweller, to whom they intended selling the gem, at that hour.

Ganapat Gupta and Suraj-





bhan had in the meanwhile become close friends. They slept in a room with the gem. Shivaprasad lay on the rear veranda of the inn.

At night Ganapat Gupta and Surajbhan conspired between themselves to deprive Shivaprasad of any share in the gem's price. They decided to tell him that the gem was a fake one.

But early in the morning when Shivaprasad called his friends to wake up, they did not respond. Soon it was found out that they had been murdered. Someone who had spied upon the gem which they carried had done the gruesome deed

and had decamped with the gem.

Shivaprasad sighed and resumed his journey. Soon he met a group of mendicants who were on their way to Kashi. He joined the group. They sang the glory of Lord Siva and danced in ecstasy from time to time. Shivaprasad's time passed blissfully.

While crossing another forest, something glittering attracted his eyes in a flash again. It also seemed that a deadbody lay near it. But Shivaprasad did not care to gaze at it. He joined the chorus of the mendicants and kept steps with them with new vigour.

THE COMPUTER'S JUDGEMENT

Asked to choose the more efficient of two clocks, one of which was permanently running five minutes slow and one of which did not run at all, a computer selected the second clock on the grounds that twice a day it showed the correct time whereas the first one was never right!

HE MUST BORROW — EVEN ELEPHANTS!

Robin was a strange fellow. Hardly a week passed without his borrowing money or some material from somebody or the other. It was very difficult for his debtors to realise whatever they loaned out to him. Those who had suffered for his default never obliged him again. But Robin could always win over new people with his sweet words.

Once some of his harassed debtors complained about his conduct to the king. At the king's order he was led to a spot where roads crossed and was made to stand with a heavy boulder on his back as punishment.

The officers who left him there had not gone far when a man with a dozen elephants happened to pass by.

Asked Robin, "Are these elephants for sale?" "Yes," replied the stranger. Thereupon Robin pleaded with him, "My brother! You can't sell all the elephants at once. Please lend me two of them for a day."

The officers returned, freed Robin, and leading him to the king, said, "This is an incorrigible case. This fellow just can't live without borrowing whether he has any use of the thing he borrows or not." Then they narrated their experience. The king laughed and let Robin go.





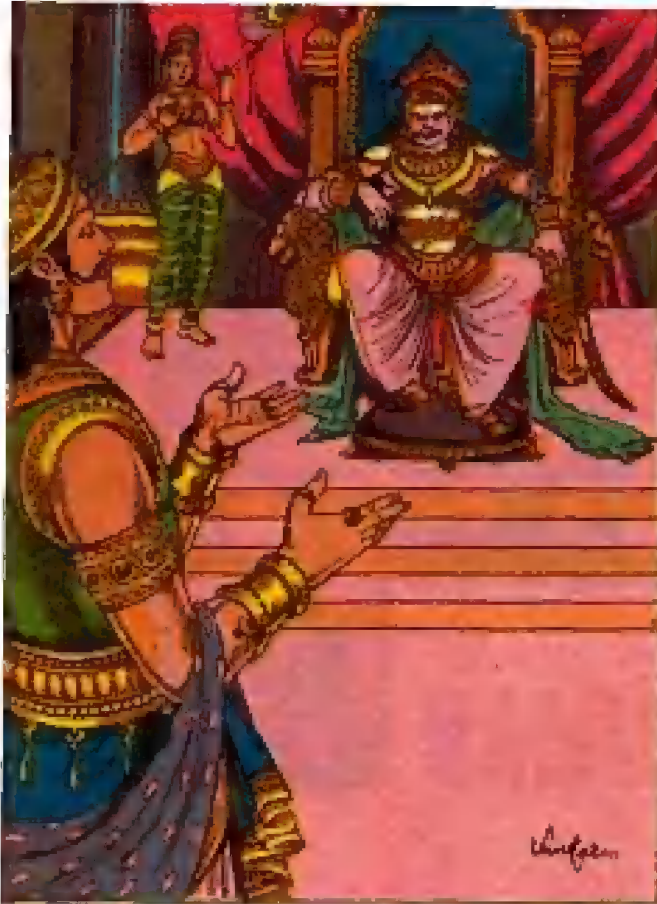
VEER HANUMAN

In the court of Ravana, Veer Hanuman was questioned about his motive behind visiting Lanka. Answered Hanuman, looking at Ravana:

"You are the king of the demons. I had a curiosity to see you and that is why I entered the Asoca garden. But before I could chance upon you, a number of strong demons attacked me. I had to fight back as a measure of self-defence. Lord Brahma had given me a boon as a result of which no weapon could do me any harm. Hence the weapon of Brahma by which you think that you have imprisoned me has in truth no effect on me. I am here because I wished to

be here. I am the emissary of the mighty Sri Ramachandra. I have come with a serious message. Pay due attention to me if you desire your own good."

Hanuman continued, "I greet you on behalf of Sugriva, the king of the Vanaras. You know Vali, don't you? Well, the great hero Vali was killed by a single arrow sent by Rama. Sugriva ascended the throne at Rama's instance. Sugriva undertook to seek Sita Devi out. Accordingly he despatched bands of Vanaras in all directions. I, Hanuman, the son of the God of Wind, is one of them. I arrived here crossing the sea. I am lucky enough



to discover Sita Devi. It is strange that you who are well-versed in the scriptures have forcibly taken captive a married woman. However powerful one might be, one could not escape the wrath of Rama and Lakshmana. This is what King Sugriva instructed me to tell you. Now that I have found out Sita Devi, it is for Rama to decide upon the next course of action.

"If I wished, I could alone destroy Lanka. But that might not find Rama's approval. He took an oath before the armies of the Vanaras and the bears that he would annihilate the

kidnapper of Sita Devi by his own hands. Know this, O demons, that Sita Devi is the sign of sure death in your destiny! I am neither man nor demon. Hence I am not partial for either side. But I tell you the truth: None can save you from Rama."

Trembling with rage at these audacious words of Hanuman, Ravana shouted, "Put this Vanara to death!"

At once the wise Vibhisana stepped forward and said, "O King! Do not be led away by your passion. It is against the code of conduct to kill a royal emissary. You must hit upon some other form of punishment for Hanuman."

"But this Vanara is awfully wicked. There is nothing wrong in punishing such wickedness with death!" shouted Ravana still seething with anger.

"My lord! Under no circumstance is a royal emissary to be killed, according to the authorities. There are other punishments prescribed for an emissary, such as mutilating him, shearing off his hair, placing him amid a swarm of ants, etc., but he must not be killed. Killing this emissary will serve no purpose. You have to

wreck your vengeance on those who have sent him here. All he says are his master's words. If you kill him, there will be nobody to cross the sea and inform Rama of your challenge. Better let him go and inform his master of your refusal to oblige him. That would bring you greater fame," said Vibhisana.

This calmed down Ravana. He decided to do as advised by Vibhisana. He said, "You are right. Killing this creature would serve no purpose. Yet, he cannot be allowed to go scot-free. Well, the tail is very much dear to a Vanara. Put

fire to his tail and let us see the fun!"

It was decided to lead Hanuman through the city streets with his tail ablaze. The demons got busy in collecting clothes and wrapping up Hanuman's tail with them. Then they poured a liberal quantity of oil on the wrapped up tail and put fire to its end.

Hanuman suffered the operation patiently. But as soon as his tail turned into a torch, he moved it violently and whipped the demons with it. They shrieked and howled and ran helter-skelter.

Soon male and female demons





came rushing to see Hanuman with his burning tail. Bolder demons came closer and threatened Hanuman with dire consequence if he did not keep his tail under control. Hanuman seemed to comply with their command for the time being.

Thereafter he was taken in a procession through the city, with hordes of curious demons following him at safe distance. Hanuman thus got a good chance to see the city, along with its armoury and other important buildings. The demons who walked with him raised deafening shouts of joy from

time to time.

When Sita heard from the demon women that fire had been put to Hanuman's tail, she felt pensive. She prayed to the God of Fire with the appeal that there should be no harm to Hanuman.

Sarama told Sita, "Do not worry on account of that strange Vanara. He is no ordinary creature, but a great soul. He could burn the city down to ashes if he so desired!"

Sarama spoke the truth. By then Hanuman had decided to teach a lesson to the demons. He reduced the size of his body and instantly freed himself from the bondage. Then he assumed a greater form once more and picking up the huge mace that rested at the city gate, thrashed the demons who were nearby to death. Then he hopped from building to building, putting fire to them by the help of his burning tail.

The first castle to go in flames was Prahastha's. Then he jumped onto the roof of Mahaparshwa's house and played havoc with it. By and by the grand mansions of Shuka, Vajradramsta, Saran, Indrajit, Jamvumali and Sumali were reduced to ashes. Only the

mansion of Vibhisana was spared.

Last Hanuman descended on Ravana's palace. Not only the building cracked and fell, but the great fire consumed all the precious wealth accumulated over generations. The wind blew forcefully and the fierce tongues of fire spared nothing! The sky was overcast with gloomy smoke and the air was filled with the agonising cries of dying or fleeing demons.

At last Hanuman appeared appeased! Casting a satisfied look at the burning city, he jumped into the sea and extinguished the fire on his tail.

But soon misgivings entered his mind. Was it all right for him to destroy a portion of Lanka? When he was busy sporting with fire, it did not occur to him that Sita Devi might have got scared by his deed. He thought, "I will put an end to my life if perchance the fire would have done the slightest harm to Sita Devi." But he thought again, "How the fire that did not even touch a hair of my tail could have done any harm to Sita Devi?"

He appeared before Sita and said with folded hands,



"Mother! Thanked be my luck that you are safe!"

Said Sita, "I have no word to commend your great courage. No doubt, you can alone destroy the whole of Lanka and can rescue me. But it is in fitness of things that Rama himself should kill the enemy and take me with him. Hence go and give him this message."

"Mother! Your wish will be done!" said Hanuman. With her blessings he then climbed a mountain named Arista and leaped into the sky. The mountain shook under his feet.

Through clouds Veer Hanu-

man threaded his way towards Mount Mahendra beyond the sea. He gave out a jubilant roar when he saw his destination at some distance.

His friends who were passing their time in great anxiety and continuously wished his welfare and smooth return, rejoiced to hear the roar. Jamvaban told the other Vanaras, "Unless Hanuman were successful in his mission, he would not give out such signs of joy."

All the Vanaras collected on the peak. Some of them made signs by waving branches, gazing at the sky.

Soon Hanuman descended amidst them and paid his respects to Jamvaban, Angada and other superiors and elders. His friends received him with presents of a variety of fruits.

Looking bright, Hanuman spoke only a few words, "I saw Sita Devi!"

The Vanaras were delighted. They raised a joyous hullabaloo. Some of them began dancing and others embraced Hanuman.

Hanuman announced again, "Indeed, I have seen Mother Sita!"

"Hanuman! You are hero nonpareil. Great is your achievement. We are all lucky on account of you!" commented Angada.

The leading members of the party sat surrounding Hanuman. The rest circled them. Jamvaban said, "My son! Tell us all about Sita Devi. How is she? What did she tell you? Let us hear everything before we go and report our success to Sri Ramachandra."

CONTD.





ONE HAND SHOULD DO!

You could hardly find a match for Ganpat in the quality of laziness. One felt bored if one had no work whatever to do. But not Ganpat. He could keep himself stretched on bed for hours together, sometimes croaking out a song and at other times murmuring to himself. When he was out of bed, he was breaking things or hurling stones at kids.

And this he did at his sister's house. His sister, Parvati, was very unhappy at his able-bodied brother wasting away the valuable time. But she did not know what to do. Whenever she tried to give him a good advice, he pretended to sleep.

One morning Parvati's husband told her, "Some guests

are coming to our house. I have asked a man to bring some big fish. While I sharpen this rusted knife with which we can cut the fish easily, you prepare the vegetables."

As soon as her husband went to the backyard to sharpen the knife, Parvati sat down to cut onions. Who does not know that water comes out of eyes by the strong smell of onions? But Ganpat was too lazy to observe what his sister was doing. He looked at her eyes and asked, "Sister! Why are you weeping?"

An idea came to Parvati in a flash. She said, "It is very disturbing, you know! My husband says that since you do no work, you need not possess a

pair of hands. One hand would do. With one hand less, you will do less mischief! And he is sharpening his knife at the moment to take away one of your hands."

Ganpat was panicky. He peeped into the backyard and found his brother-in-law sharpening a knife. He stood speechless, sweating and shivering:

Parvati's husband re-entered the house and said, "So, Ganpat, you are here! That is nice!"

But Ganpat was no more there. He had at once begun running.

"What is the matter with your brother? Why did he run away at my sight? And look how fast he runs!" asked Parvati's husband.

"He saw you sharpening that knife and desired to possess it. He said that he will go to the

forest and cut grass with the knife for our cows. But I did not believe him. I refused to allow him to handle the knife. Angry, he is running away," replied Parvati.

"We should not grudge him a knife if he is feeling like working!" observed Parvati's husband. Then he ran behind Ganpat raising the knife and shouting, "Stop, Ganpat, stop!"

Ganpat looked back and saw his brother-in-law raising the knife. He increased his speed and soon disappeared from the sight.

Parvati's husband returned home and said, "Ganpat is a queer boy!"

But the incident had a great effect on Ganpat. He began working lest people should think that he need not possess two hands!



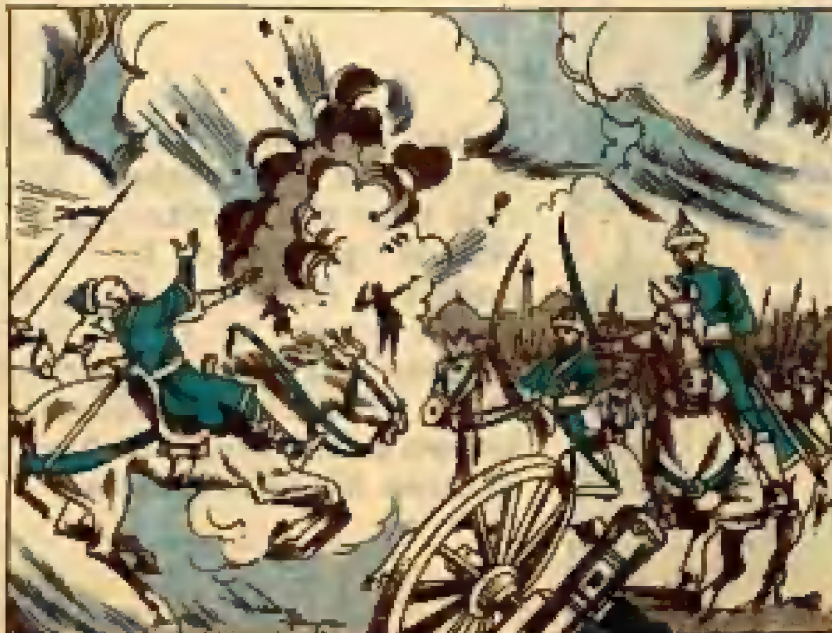


BABAR AND HIS FOE

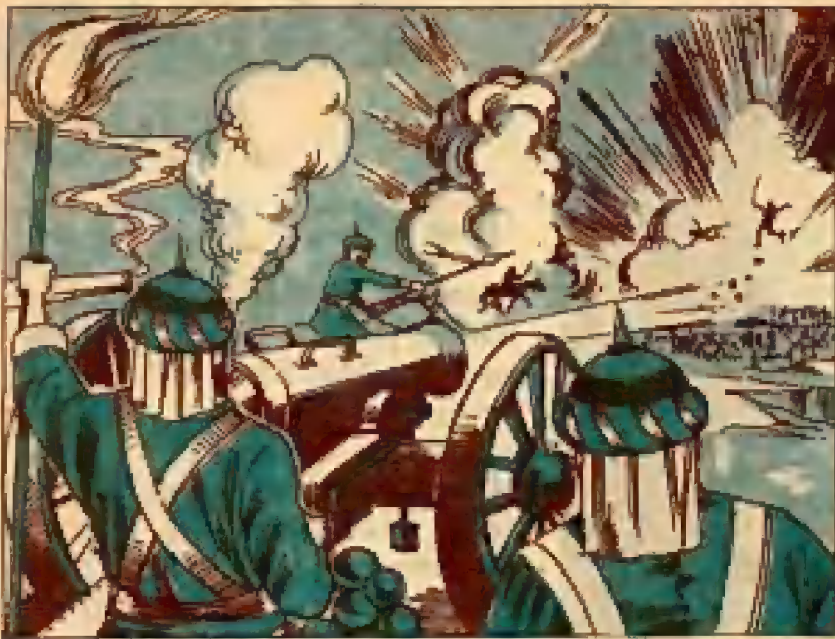
Famous in history as Babar which meant 'Tiger', Jaheeruddin Mahammad was a prince of Fargana, a small kingdom in Central Asia. His father died when he was very young and he sat on the throne. While he was out to capture the city of

Samarkand, he lost Fargana to his enemy. He could not capture Samarkand either.

Deprived of both Samarkand and Fargana, Babar conquered Kabul. But extremely ambitious, he proceeded to conquer India. He had only about twelve hundred soldiers, but he was in possession of powerful cannons and fire-arms.

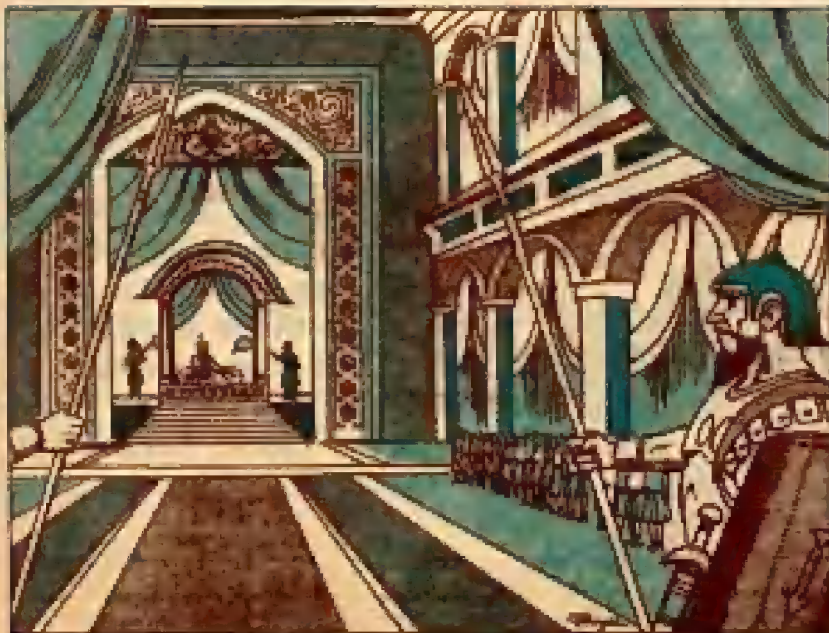


In 1526 Babar confronted Ibrahim Lodhi, the Sultan of Delhi, at Panipat. The sultan's soldiers numbered a lakh, but they were disorderly. The sultan was unpopular and inexperienced, although brave.



Babar was audacious and crafty. With his booming cannons he could easily scare away the large army of the sultan. The sultan's own subordinate rulers did not come to his help.

Fighting bravely, Ibrahim Lodhi died. Babar was victorious. Among the officers of the sultan was a young Rajput who was most faithful to the sultan. He became determined to avenge his master's death.



Babar occupied Delhi and Agra and established his rule over the territory previously governed by the Lodhis. Although Babar's father was a Turk, his mother was a Mongol princess. Hence he became known as the Mughal. Agra became his headquarters.

The young Rajput waited for an opportunity to satisfy his vengeance. But Babar was always escorted by his bodyguards. However, the Rajput soon observed that once every week Babar went out of his palace in disguise and roamed among the people.



One day, the Rajput approached the disguised Babar in the bazar and said, "Will you please help me to lift a sack on my head?" Babar agreed. The Rajput led him behind a bush where he intended to stab him to death.

But as the Rajput was about to bring out his dagger, there were shouts and shrieks on the road. A mad elephant was rushing into the crowd and people were running helter-skelter.





A small child was about to be trampled by the elephant. Nobody dared to go near. But like a string of lightning Babar rushed to the scene, lifted up the child and hid under the elephant's belly for a while.

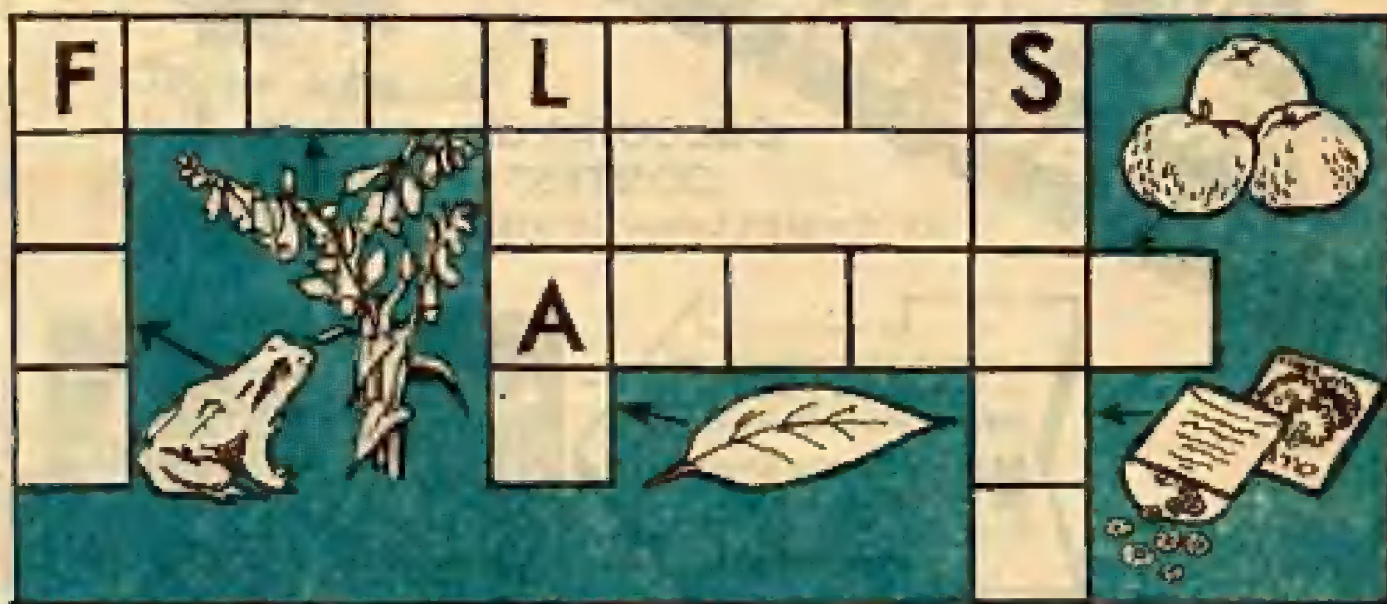
After the elephant moved away, the disguised Babar restored the child to its parents. People around were full of his praise. Babar then returned to the bush, to help the Rajput as promised earlier.



But the Rajput said, "I know who you are. I desired to kill you to avenge my master's death. But you are truly noble, for you risked your life to save a child. You may punish me for my treacherous motive."

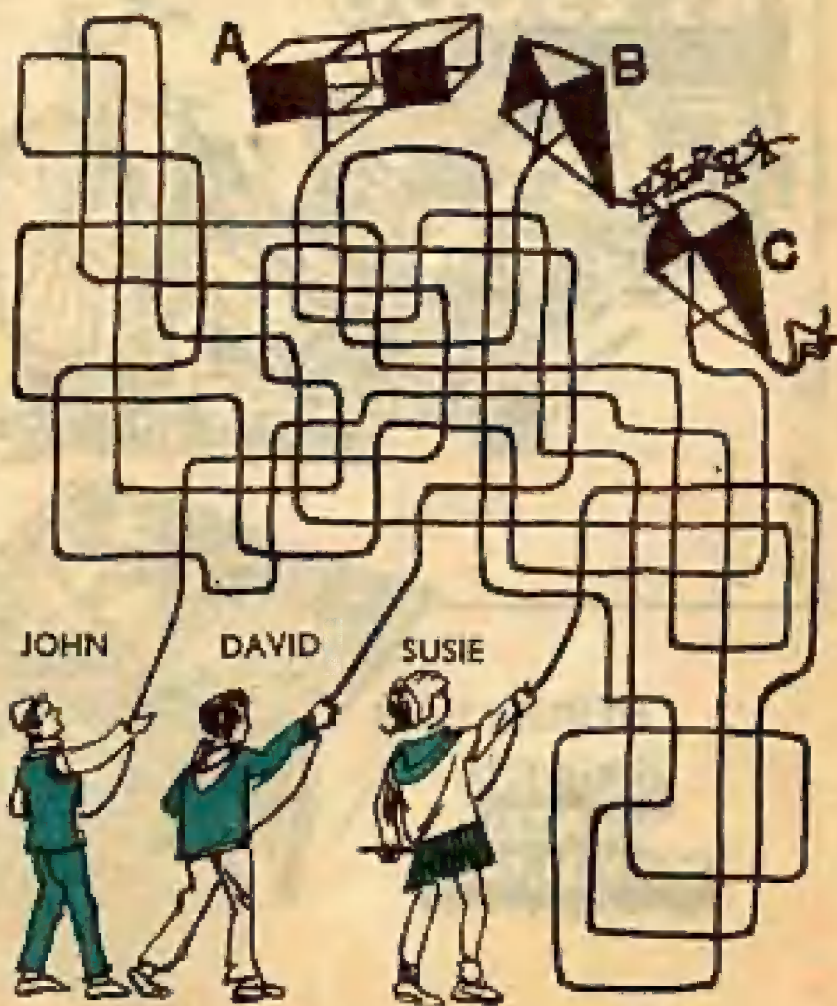
Babar embraced the Rajput and said, "You are nobler than me, for, you had the courage to confess this. Let us be friends."

PUZZLE TIME



▲ Finish this picture crossword by putting the names in the spaces. The arrows will help you.

Who owns which kite? First have a guess and then trace along the lines to see if your guess was the correct one. Take care and be right first time. ►



John 'C'; David 'A';
Susie 'B'.
Foxgloves, Frog,
Leaf, Apples,
Seeds.

ANSWERS



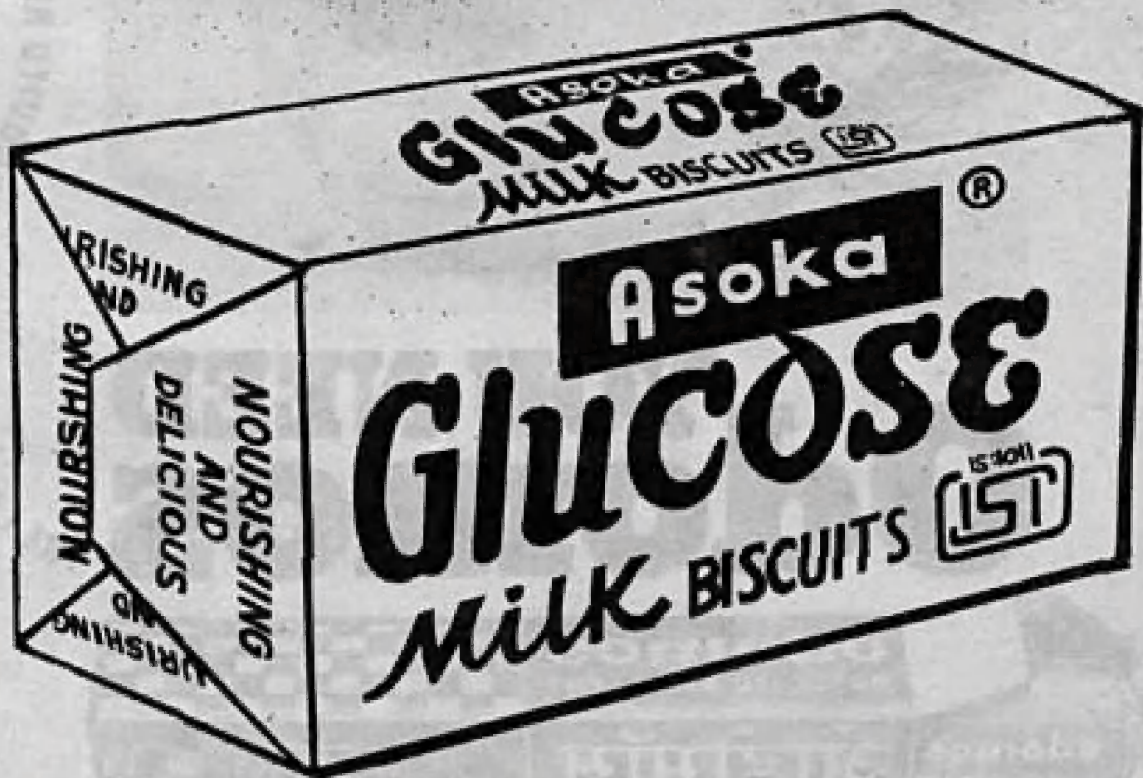
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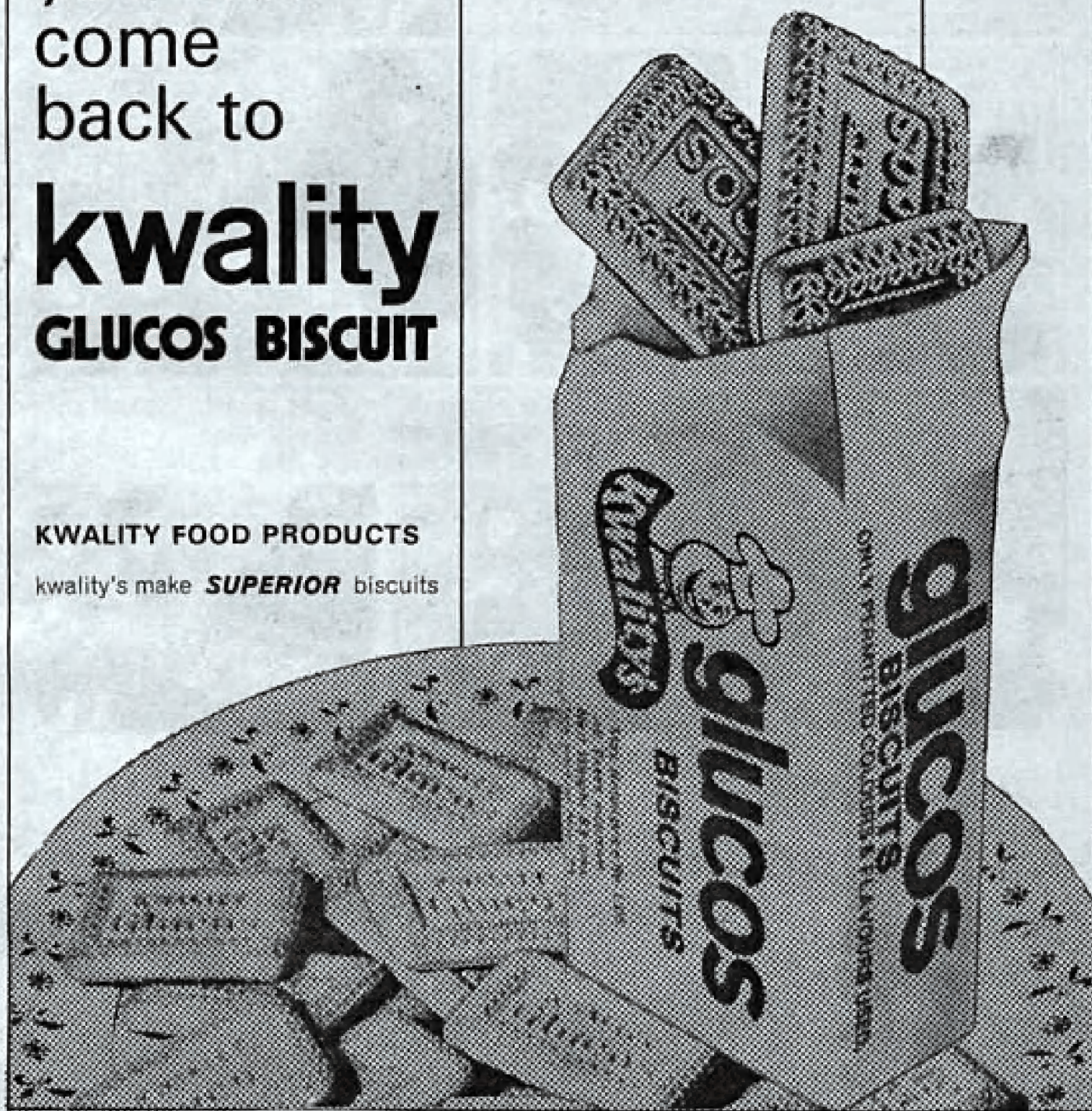
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